

The Chronicle and Index

OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

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[For Gratuitous Circulation

THE Rev. J. C. Street has the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of 2/6 from Mr. D. Bulmer, Belfast, in aid of the publication and gratuitous circulation of the *Chronicle and Index*. Mr. Street will be glad to receive other contributions.

ONE of the most remarkable stories, in connection with Unitarianism, is told in the Ten Letters of the late Mr. John Ashworth, on "The Rise and Progress of the Unitarian Doctrine in the Societies at Rochdale, Newchurch in Rossendale, and other places," copies of which now lie on the table at the Depository. In plain words Mr. Ashworth—himself a zealous and faithful preacher—tells the story of the expulsion of Joseph Cooke from the Wesleyan Body, in 1806, for heretical teachings, on "Justification by Faith, and the Witness of the Spirit." A devoted band of sympathisers gathered round the young apostle, who was nothing daunted by his persecution, and whose influence in North East Lancashire soon became very great. Though he died early, his noble work was carried on by such men as John Ashworth, of Newchurch, James Pollard, and John Robinson, of Padiham, and J. Wilkinson, of Rochdale. These men and their disciples set themselves to study the Scriptures in the light of reason—with the natural result that they all became Unitarians, though without knowing that others held the same views. At the opening of Providence Chapel, Rochdale, which was built for Mr. Cooke, he said from the pulpit,— "This Chapel was built and opened, not for the purpose of teaching any system of doctrines taught by any man or number of men whatever, but for the purpose of communicating those truths, which, after a diligent and impartial enquiry, may appear to me to be contained in the Scriptures." How the Cookites groped their way into Unitarianism may be read in the pages of this interesting book. The large churches at Rochdale, Newchurch, Padiham, and Todmorden are the direct result of this movement, and many more of later date, owe their existence indirectly to it.

THE Sunday School Association continues its good work of publishing useful manuals for our Sunday School Libraries. The latest publication is one of Mrs. Herbert Martin's stories, entitled, "Out of the Streets." It is a thoroughly valuable and very interesting story, telling the steps by which a young child and her uncle, who are getting a precarious livelihood by musical performances in the streets, were gradually raised to a respectable and honoured position. It is a story of genius, love, and helpfulness, and shows how, by ways that are strange, God uses human agencies to accomplish His Divine purposes. This is a book that teachers may read to their classes, and parents to their children, and which will be found fascinating to all members of Juvenile Libraries. It is nicely printed, is on good paper, and well bound. It is published at 1/6, and in gilt edges at 2/-.

VISIT OF THE BABOO PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR TO BELFAST.

ON Friday, July 20th, this eminent Hindoo Reformer came on a visit to Belfast. He was the guest of the Rev. J. C. Street. On the evening of that day he was welcomed by Mr. Street and the Members of the Church of the Second Congregation at a brilliant Reception Soiree in the Schools and Lecture Hall, where, in the course of the evening, he delivered a most interesting address, on the Work and Aims of the Brahmo Somaj. On Saturday he met a large number of gentlemen at the hospitable residence of Dr. W. B. Ritchie, the Grove. On Sunday, before a great audience, he conducted the Service, and preached in the Church of the Second Congregation. His subject was "Prayer." We reprint the Sermon in extenso in this issue. In the evening of the same day he preached to a large Congregation at Moneyrea, on the subject of "God." The Sermon was of the deepest interest. During Monday and Tuesday he was visited by many friends, and went about seeing various works and making calls in Belfast and Comber; and on Tuesday night lectured before a crowded audience, in the Lecture Hall of the Second

Congregation, on "The Prospects of Hindu Society." We are sorry to say we have no room for a report of this brilliant Lecture.

On Wednesday he took his leave for Dublin.

His visit will be remembered with joy. He bears with him good wishes for himself, for the various branches of the Brahmo Somaj, and for the country he so eloquently represented. We wish him God speed !

AFTER Tea had been partaken of on Friday evening, and an hour spent in social conversation, the chair was taken in the Lecture Hall by the Rev. J. C. Street, who offered a cordial welcome to the Baboo Mozoomdar, after which a few remarks were made by Mr. J. M. Darbishire, Rev. Thos. Dunkerley, and Rev. C. J. Street, M.A.

The BABOO PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR, who was warmly received, said, in the order of human affairs welcome fades into farewell, but there was a relationship between soul and soul which knew neither welcome nor farewell ; and he, coming from the far East, claimed that relationship with all those before him. They of this country often joined together in a cordial meal to celebrate their mutual friendship. They out in India did not always hold that the right way to reach a man's heart was through his stomach—(laughter)—but, as the outward meal was symbolical of inner things, he had always with genuine thankfulness eaten of the wholesome bread of their cordiality, and drank of the wine of their affection, and that night the pleasure was repeated. He said again they should perhaps be together for a few days, but welcome would soon fade into farewell, but that relationship which never died between heart and heart should remain. In this relation between him and them he did not see merely a personal fact. He came from the East. The West had gone out to the East, in the shape of civilization, progress, and all the great realities of Western culture. Was it not then time that the East should come to the West also with that simple gift which the East had always made to the West—the gift of religious feeling and spiritual ideal ? Nine years ago, when he first met Professor Tyndall in the rooms of the Royal Association, he (Professor Tyndall) was in the height of his unpopularity, after his great Belfast address, and, being now in Belfast, Professor Tyndall's words came back to him (the speaker) very vividly. Those words were—

"The sympathies of men like you are the only crumbs of comfort left to me in my unpopularity. Time was when light came from the East, and the time shall be when from the East light shall come again." He (the speaker) took those words not as a personal compliment to himself ; but to him it was a great reality that every land and every nation had its message, and that the great economy of the world was carried on by fixed laws over which an allwise Providence presided. It was a thing of history, undeniable, that all great religions had their spring in the East. He would make no allusion to Hindoism, Buddhism, or Mahometanism, but let him tell them that in the present moment in the East they claimed Jesus of Nazareth to be an Oriental. They claimed there were sides and complications in the nature of life and teachings, and death of Jesus, which could be elucidated and explained by Oriental imagery and Eastern faith. We have done well to send out our missionaries to India. They have taught the Indian people a great deal, but the Indian religious nature, accepting as it had done these teachings, would in due course of time for that national religion which should show within itself an indigenous growth and maturity of the essence of faith. If Christianity did not conquer in India Christ should. (Applause.) There were great problems all over the world awaiting solution, problems social, religious, and philosophical. Those problems were common, but there were different solutions of them, and he claimed no credit for saying that the Indian people did not believe that the solution of religious problems resided in rum or dynamite. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He was quite willing to leave those amenities to England, Ireland, France, or America. Let the West work out its own way as it thought best, in India they would solve their problems in their own way. (Hear, hear.) Every great problem in the past of India had been solved through religious progress. They there knew no philosophy but religious philosophy ; no science but that had been sanctified by faith and righteousness ; no literature but what had been pervaded by profound sentiments and genuine heartfelt trust and devotion. Indian women were simply incarnations of religious feeling and discipline. The societies were essentially organised with the canons and discipline of religion ; and if in the past they had solved their problems through religion, the Indian people would not in the

future be false to their past. The solution of all problems lay in the solution of the problem of religion, because he did not hold that genuine religion should embrace only one side of human nature—(hear, hear)—merely exercising the intellectual faculties, leaving the body impure, emasculate, and undeveloped; neither did it lie in the mere devotion of feeling when the conscience lay uncultured. That which he called religion entered into every pore of a man's being, making him bodily and mentally a sanctuary in which the Spirit of God delighted to dwell. (Applause.) Whatever the problems were, therefore—whether they be concerned with the organization of mankind into a society, whether they be in connection with the rule of one race over another, whether they be in balancing the tendencies of modern philosophy and science, or in relation to God's blessed nature and attributes, or that mysterious life towards which we were making a pilgrimage, the end of which we could not foresee—whatever the problems were they had to solve, they meant to solve them by the light which God had shed upon the human soul. (Applause.) The Brahmo Somaj was nothing more than an attempt in that direction. If they summarised the internal history of that body they saw that the Brahmo Somaj began as a critical, philosophical, rationalistic body. They formed a simple belief in the one true God, and then they took to criticising the then existing religions. The founder was the great Rammohun Roy. Rammohun Roy was a scholar. When very young—about sixteen years of age—he ran away from the paternal roof. He travelled alone, moneyless and friendless. He went up as far as the Himalaya Mountains, and penetrated through them as far as Thibet. Those were not the days of great trunk roads, railway lines, of the penny postage, or the electric telegraph. Those were the days of the Thug, the highwayman, the jungle tiger, of rivers that could not be crossed, mountains which could not be scaled, languages which could not be spoken, and, mere boy as he was, he passed all these difficulties, saw Thibet, sat at the feet of the Lamas, and learned of them. The simple Brahmin boy returned home very cultured, very different, and with high aspirations. Somehow or other it was not recorded how he came in contact with the Christian Bible, but so deep was his religious instinct that, in poring over its pages, he lighted upon the precepts of Jesus,

and in that early period published them as the guides to peace and salvation. One of the great missionaries of those days—Mr. Adam, before Dr. Duff had gone out—was a very eminent, learned Christian missionary, and he considered that the dispositions of the young man were rather promising, and he subsequently took Rammohun Roy in hand, and taught and lectured him, but after two or three years' lecturing it was found that, instead of Mr. Adam making the young man a convert, Rammohun made of Mr. Adam a perfect Unitarian, and this told upon the prospects of Christianity so much that Dr. Duff said it was the second fall of Adam. (Laughter.) Then began the great war with the Hindoo pundits. The Rammohun learned Sanscrit, began to issue pamphlets, and the Brahmins issued their denunciations against him, and often his life was in danger. But he gave to the Brahmins the severely critical character, and went into the merits of the Hindoo writings of the day, rejecting every one of them—rejected them one after the other, holding only by the purity of the earliest Scriptures. In 1831 the Rammohun came to England. He came never to return to his fatherland; and, in the year 1833, under the hospitable roof of Miss Castle, of Bristol, he breathed his last; and every Hindoo who at the present day crosses the black seas and the high mountains to come to this country, made his pilgrimage to that sacred spot where, under the crumbling Oriental structure, the ashes of the great Hindoo lay in peace, mixed with the soil of free, glorious Britain. Do you know what the principal evil habit of the Indian people is? It is drunkenness. Do you know who are the people who die yearly of drink? Why, the finest of our educated young men, the cream of our society, the promise of their families, husbands of young wives, fathers of young children. Somehow or other they consider that great merit lies in the drink-of wine, because they see eminent rulers and politicians always extracting their wisdom out of the beer bottle, and it is sometimes said that if the English were swept out into the sea, the great monument they would leave behind them would be piles of empty beer bottles on the top of the Himalayas. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Even self-sacrificing Christian missionaries stand up and in unmeasured terms denounce native religion, picking holes in the characters of Hindoo saints and prophets, all the time carrying in their

coat-tail pockets bottles of something, (Hear, hear, and laughter.). No wonder, then, that the Indian people identify the Christian religion with alcohol. Christianity is difficult to adopt and imitate. Alcohol is fatally easy to take and adopt. The people took the alcohol and left the Christianity. I fear many professing Christians perhaps do the same in this country, and under these circumstances the spirit of alcohol is a fatal spirit amongst young men. (Hear, hear.) Continuing, the speaker said—The people had waited upon the authorities in reference to this matter, but a deaf hear had been turned to them. He did not make any capital out of political grievances, but he did plead that in his country in former times they had no brandy and soda. Their sun was hot, and their midday sent forth breezes like breath from heated furnaces, but in their lordly rivers there was always a perpetual supply of clear cold water. Their mountains had enough of sweet springs; their trees had deep and tranquil shades; their land abounded in fruits and flowers and milk. Then why did we send our rum? The Indians did not want it, and now, when we were trying to put down drunkenness in Great Britain, he would to Englishmen and English women make the appeal to try by moral influence, by all the power they possessed, to put a period to the spread of this dreadful evil of drunkenness in India. (Applause.) As to their present position—the simple principles of prayer and faith, practical and social reform, the spirit of recognising God as the Father of all man as one universal brotherhood, gradually led them to discover the deep affinities that lay between all religions. They were surrounded by a grand organization of traditional faith. The Mahometans had ruled them for centuries, the spirit of Buddhism carried with it sublime memories, and above all there was the religion of love, hope, faith, and charity. Seeing all these spiritual organizations around them, they a simple body of men, asked themselves what were their real relations to these bodies. Was Hindoism only a mass of error and superstition? Was Mahometanism nothing but fire and sword? Was Buddhism only the annihilation of the soul and unnatural discipline? or did Christianity mean nothing more than beef and brandy? They answered “No.” These principles of inner development and growth in the spirit of love to God and man

gradually discovered the mighty relations which existed between religion and religion, between nation and nation, between the East and West. They found Hindoism pervaded with sublime worship of God in nature, and in the grand symbols of creation. Hindoism taught a sublime holy philosophy which brought God from heaven, and gave Him a place in every blade of grass, and every beating human heart, while Mahometanism taught a rigid system of monotheism. They found in Buddhism a marvellous spirit of morality and of humanity, and in sweet Christianity an eternal possibility of human progress. Thus travelling on from principle to principle, from development to development, from land to land, and from nation to nation, they found that all the Scriptures of the world taught more or less of truth, not one particular set of Scriptures, every nation contributing its quota to the sacred literature. (Applause.) They found prophets and saints not confined to any country, but found God had sent a galaxy of holy men according to the exigencies of nations and lands, and that if they had only the deep, inner consciousness they would see an endless succession of saints and apostles travelling throughout the world, everyone according to his own sphere and means, until all mankind sent their representatives to the great international parliament of God, in which human nature was fully done justice to. (Applause.) When they considered and took into their calculation the various forms of devotion they saw, if they had but the catholicity of culture to enter into the various modes of national development, they should find in all Churches and rituals, and in all proceedings of real devotion, a deep overflow of spirituality, love, and faith towards God, in which all humanity might share. Hence their former aspirations took a very practical form, and they felt that, as in other times, there had been religions satisfying the exigencies of the times, so in the Brahma Somaj there was a promise of reconciliation for the great moral and spiritual exigencies of the world. So long had religion fought with religion, and so long had the sword been wielded in the name of the Father of all love, so long had Scripture battled with Scripture, that they thought it high time this conflict should cease, that peace should reign in the world, and that the God of love should be placed upon that throne where all religions, all

theologies and Churches, might worship Him as the King of Kings and the Source of all truth, goodness, and love. (Applause.) With a view on the one hand, of putting an end to the religious conflicts of the world, and on the other hand, of seeing a great Church in which every nation might find its representative, they saw God was giving to the world a New Dispensation of the Holy Spirit. When Jesus left the earth he said he would send the Comforter, and he (the speaker) had asked where is the Comforter, and where all the different other truths Jesus said, his age were not prepared for. This was the age for the Dispensation of the Spirit, that Spirit which was inspiring prophets, martyrs, and Scriptures, could make its Church in every land until revelation corroborated revelation, until all nations formed one nation—the one fold of the Great Shepherd, where God should be King and mankind should be His people. (Loud applause.) In all lands there was a widening tendency in religion. The broader tendencies of the Christian religion in these lands showed that the great future was coming when there should be a universal commerce of sympathy and ideas—a great universal gathering of all faiths and all Scriptures; when all Scriptures should form one Scripture; when all Churches should form one Church; all religion merge into one religion, until God's Fatherhood was established, and the brotherhood of man as was universally recognized. That was the work of the Brahmo-Somaj; that was its message, and that was its destiny. (Loud Applause.)

The proceedings then terminated.

ON Sunday morning, July 22nd, the pulpit of Second Church, Rosemary Street, was occupied by the Baboo Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. The preliminary portion of the service was conducted according to the ritual of the Brahmo-Somaj, and included the reading of passages from the works of the Hindu writers, and from the Bible.

THE BABOO MOZOOMDAR said—There are laws in all things. Law means God—God's thought made visible, comprehensible, audible, tangible, through law. There are laws in the world about which science speaks. There are laws in the spirit, and why should not religion treat on them? To me prayer is law—the simple, the primary, the great law of spiritual life. Behold the praying Jesus! The initiatory act of his career began

with prayer, and when he lay nailed to the cross, the concluding act of his life was prayer. He prayed in the wilderness. He prayed when he chose his disciples, when he healed sufferers, when he entered on his ministry. So amongst us here present who hath not prayed? The first look of hunger or thirst which the child raises towards its mother is prayer. The first look of appealing affection which the friend gives to his friend is prayer. The first look of agony and of helplessness which the invalid raises before the physician is prayer, and the mute sorrow which meets the wealthy from the poor is prayer. Prayer fills the world; prayer is the law of being; it is the want which all supply meets; it is the law of suffering which all philanthropy relieves; it is the law of knowledge which dispels darkness, and the law of heaven which destroys sin. Therefore, let us not be ashamed to pray. But we can pray only to Him and to those who can remove our wants, and we can appeal for the removal of our wants to adequate sources of supply. The wants of our body are met by the laws of the material world. Wealth, health, learning, prosperity, peace, all these are regulated by rules of which we know more or less through the study of science. But as to the wants of our spirit, as to holiness, as to the inner tranquility, spiritual insight, wisdom in reference to God's nature and attributes, insight into the deep windings of human character, love, hope, faith, charity—for these wants there is the law of prayer also. It is light only that can reveal light; it is holiness alone that can remove unholiness and give purity to the impure conscience; and what but reality, what but abiding everlasting truth can dispel the darkness of the vanity from the inner life? When, therefore, we pray to God we are not to pray for health, wealth, for rain, for crops, or outward things, which are governed by outward laws, but when we pray to our Father we are to pray for truth and wisdom, for holiness and insight, for salvation and inward calmness. Prayer is often made an outward routine, a repetition, a recitation, an intonation, a nasal sound, the drawling, dreary, mouthful of practice. So far has this gone that sensible men have come to have a dislike for prayer. Prayer is often made an unreasonable utterance, absurd supplication, so much so that thoughtful men have given up the practice. What is prayer? It is the look, it is the attitude, it is the breath.

It is often uttered, it is sometimes unuttered, and when unuttered it is perhaps the profoundest and the truest. Yet the thought of human nature tends towards utterance and expression. A man does not realise to the full his wants to himself unless he tries to utter them. A man cannot shape his complaints in order that it may be removed unless he speaks, and such thought, such speech, such mute appeal, such upward look, such devout attitudes constitute the soul of prayer. I believe in prayer as a custom, and in the daily habit of prayer I have deep faith. I exhort you to prayer morning and evening, at bed time and when you rise; but I would go further—I would with Christ say, "Pray unceasingly," pray the whole day, the whole sleepless, watchful night spend in prayer. Pray in every emergency, in the midst of every difficulty, when outward means fail to answer inward ends, indulge in prayer. When sorrow breaks down upon you like a thunderbolt from the cloudless sky, engage yourselves in prayer. "In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." To me prayer is not a mere outside process of life—a routine, but an evolution of the spirit—a continued communion of the spirit with the spirit—a speech that goes out and comes in—goes out from the heart in the form of supplication, and returns again into the heart as the answer of God. That inward breath is to me deeply suggestive. Life is defined as breath. When we cease to breathe we cease to live. And what is breath? It is simply the impure, spent, polluted air from the body thrown out into the pure, beautiful, bright, warm universe of oxygen around us. But that is not all. That is only half of the act. That is breathing out. We breathe out the polluted atmosphere of the body, and the other half of the act is the breathing in—the breathing in of the warm, life-giving, pure, unspotted air that is outside. Such is prayer—the polluted spirit breathes out its sorrows and its sins, its despair and its distress—in confessions, supplications, and prayer to God. It cannot live without breathing out, but, after that act of supplication, God breathes into the soul from his eternal, pure, inner, glorious nature the warm, life-giving, inspiring breath of truth, holiness, peace, and love. Hence the apostle says, after our supplications are made known, the peace of God, which passeth all

understanding, lighteth upon our hearts and minds. This is prayer, but what are the laws which regulate it? How are we to pray? The law of spiritual life is prayer, but prayer has its laws again. Lawless prayer does not always bring a response. The prayer of impulse I respect, the prayer of sudden feeling I do not wish to discourage, but I have always advocated the culture of prayer, I have always advocated the careful fulfilment of the laws of prayer. When the impulses of sorrow and need, of suffering and rejoicing, pass through this form of culture, pass through the fulfilment of the laws of prayer, then prayer becomes perfect, and always brings its answer from heaven. The first law of prayer is faith. It is trust—trust in Him to whom you offer your prayers. If the healer who approaches the sick bed is met with resolute untrustfulness on the part of the sick man, what good can his prescription do? If the disciple will always approach the teacher without reliance, and confidence, what good can the teaching of the teacher do? If the child will have no belief nor confidence in the parents how can they live together in happiness in the household? So, in order that prayer may be possible, the first law that must be acted upon is the law of faith. The man who wavers not when he prays, but has the profoundest and truest dependence and trust in God, that man profits by his prayer. There is more efficacy in subjective trust on the matter of physical healing than in many medicines put together. There is more efficacy in study and learning, through the act of confidence in the teacher, than many precepts and books put together. If that be so—the efficacy of faith, confidence, and trust in God when we pray—cannot be over-estimated. It is not everything that brings this faith to us. It is only when our want is real that our faith is real. It is when your desire for help is real, strong, and undoubting; then only your appeal is sincere, deep, and efficacious. Those, therefore, that seek light through prayer should have great trust in it. Oh that the speculations and wanderings of modern thought should undermine the sanctity of our trust, and that the utterances of learning should contradict the primitive voice of faith in the human soul. Yes, law has its place, science has its place, and philosophy, when pure, is divine. But there is a heart within man that is beyond the reach of what is commonly known as science, and there is a soul in things that is not

dreamt of in our philosophies. When outward things have failed, and when outward meanings are explained, when outward relations are kept, the heart within feels unsatisfied, and the soul within soul feels a want of other light for which we pray. When you have gone through the teachings of science, and have wandered through the labyrinths of philosophy, have exhausted all the means of so-called learning, you then stand still at last and find your heart weary, feeling a strange craving, with a longing and pain, a vague fear, wish, and unrest, and in need of some unknown thing. Then is the moment for prayer. Thus, when we pray, let us pray that the spirit of faith which was in Christ, when he stood with the bloody sweat upon his forehead at the dread moment of impending death, when he stood bewildered amongst temptation, unsure of his bread and of his future, when he stood in the midst of men who did not understand him, and yet felt an overpowering need in his inner nature—he prayed—let us pray for that spirit. The nature of sympathy, the presence of sorrow, the pressure of perplexity produced in him a faith which was the secret of his grand success. You say, "Faith is difficult. How can it come? Granted that the law of faith must be fulfilled in prayer, yet how can faith come?" There is only one source which supplies tender, beautiful faith. That source is love. When we love, then we trust. Faith is a dreary, dreadful, hopeless task where there is no love; and faith is a flower that blooms only when it grows on the sweet plant of love. The child that loves its parents never feels the task of putting in them its faith. The lover that trusts the lover feels faith to be the sweetest tribute the heart yields of its own accord; and it is when we cannot love that we cannot trust. If we love God, dependence, trust, and confidence are the natural results. If we love Him not we find it hard to trust Him. When we trust Him not, how can we breathe true prayer? My friends, seek therefore, labour that the flame of love may be kindled in your souls. What is love? In the common relations of life what is it that kindles love? It is beauty. From love faith comes, and at the root of all is beauty. It is beneficence, goodness, sweetness, and these things kindle love. Is there a root of beauty in God's nature? Is there any sweetness of womanliness in the bosom of the Infinite? Is there any fragrance of refinement which God's presence

sheds? Is there no light, no gentleness, no beneficence, nothing with which we identify beauty—coming to us when we contemplate on the nature of God? If you have in contemplation perceived the beautifulness of the Divine, you are not far from the gate of love. It is in the sweetness, gentleness, and meekness—if I may dare to call it so—in the sweetness and beneficent tenderness, sweet happiness, serene peacefulness, and beauty of God's presence, that surround the world of matter, and man, that the flame of love has been kindled upon the altar of souls. In order, then, that we may love God let us go and seek the beauty of the Father's face; let His sweetness touch, let His gentleness enfold, let His protection meet us on the wayside as we walk. And let us stand face to face with the Supreme Beautiful, amidst the cruelties and grievous wrongs of life, let the mystery of the shadow of His providence give us repose, and peace and coolness amidst the heat of life's struggles. When we have begun to feel that God is sweet, that He is beautiful, that He is love, then we have begun to love Him and to trust Him, and then prayer begins. Is that all? No; there is another law behind the law of love. It is the stern law to which Wordsworth pointed as Duty. The force of duty seems to be an unloving law—to be an iron law. She seems to be a marble goddess that angel of Duty; but if we have the courage to stand up and do our duty, then the sternness melts into sweetness and peace—a cool, refreshing fountain of water. It is he that has the manliness to stand up and do what he ought amidst persecutions, abuses, ill-treatments, and undeserved calumnies; it is the man who stands up to do his duty to his fellow-man, to himself, and to God, who finds suddenly in his difficulties a door opened in the gallery of beetling rocks, and through the opening he sees beauty and sweetness, and beholds the lustre and graciousness of God's presence. Yea, the road is steep, the path is narrow, the gate is straight of duty. Many are the difficulties and many the stern resolutions one has to make, but when he stands up for the law of duty and of obedience to God's will, it leads him to love, love to trust, trust to prayer, and prayer to inspiration. I may tell you that I can never view duty but as obedience to God. You will say duty is obedience to law. Very good, but to me that law is the mind of God. All those laws, the fulfilment of which makes up for human duty, write the

deepest thought and will of the Deity. All duty, therefore, is to me obedience to the Divine will. God speaks not in the language of man. His will is fixed inexorable, immovable. There is not a shadow of change or turning in Him. What He spoke thousands of years ago as the laws of holiness and righteousness speaks He to-day. And when I stand up to obey God, and when I give Him the offering of my humble sincere obedience, when I lay before Him the offerings of my duty every day, and every season of life, in the midst of sunshine or rain, then the marvellous beauty of His face is unveiled, for through obedience, through strict faithfulness to laws, and the discharge of the obligations of life, I stand face to face with the glory of the loving, infinite maternity, the Mother of the world, and I find my prayer heard. My friends, it is the laws of trust, and love, and obedience which makes the laws of prayer. There are many more themes suggested to the mind when we come to speak of obedience, and of trust, and love, but I shall not touch them. These facts bring us face to face with the great fact of self-sacrifice. Love inspires, love demands self-sacrifice. Trust does the same, obedience does the same. Prayer, therefore, brings testimony to itself in the act of self-sacrifice. There is no giving so profound as the giving of one's self, no alms so acceptable in heaven as the alms-giving of one's body and mind, and the prayerful man, if he wishes at all to testify in his practical conduct that he has prayed to God, makes an alms-giving of himself to the world. Where do we meet with an instance of self-giving so sublime as in Jesus and his disciples? They were prayerful men. They offered up their supplications, they kept the law of love and trust, and obedience, and before the discharge of these great laws they sacrificed their bodies and minds. That sacrifice brings immediately along with itself God's gift of inspiration. It is the man who sacrifices himself in prayer who gets to know God's mind. Be practical, therefore, in obeying the laws of trust, love, and obedience in doing the work of self-sacrifice in the alms-giving of love. In giving ourselves, our prayer brings to us the response of God's breath. We know His mind, we discern His love, we acquire the peace of God, which passeth understanding.

Summer and Autumn, 1883.

Having completed my Purchases for the present and approaching Season, I have now on View a Choice Selection of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods in the Trade, consisting of—

Black and Blue Worsted Coatings and Serges.
English, Irish, and Scotch Tweeds.
Covert Coatings.
Fancy Suitings.
Fancy Trouserings.
Superfine West of England Black Cloths.
Doeskins and Cassimers.

From my experience as a practical cutter, and thorough knowledge of the business in its various branches, orders entrusted to me will receive personal attention, and be turned out in First-Class Style at Strictly Moderate Charges.

A TRIAL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

ALFRED W. C. SPACKMAN,
MERCHANT CLOTHIER,
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